

ANC

CLEAN COMICS FOR EVERYONE

JULY

No. 103

**B
I
G
S
H
O
T**

10¢

BIG SHOT

OH, HOW I LOVE
A NICE, QUIET
FOURTH OF JULY,
DIXIE!

NS/77



WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



Take Pictures Day or Night Indoors or Outdoors



TAKE 16 PICTURES AT OUR EXPENSE

Mail coupon and we'll send camera along with two nationally advertised flash bulbs, plus a regular 16 picture roll No. 127 film. Deposit \$3.95 plus C.O.D. postage through postman on arrival. Keep camera 10 days. Take two flash pictures indoors or at night and take the remaining pictures outdoors. Have your film developed and if you then don't agree you've made the same or better pictures, return camera and we will refund not only your \$3.95 price of the camera but the developing cost as well! The pictures are yours.

AND THAT ISN'T ALL! Each and every camera is unconditionally guaranteed postpaid merchandise by the manufacturer. There's nothing to wear out, nothing to get out of order. A lifetime of picture taking, indoors and outdoors, day or night, dark days or bright days, even pictures in color. If you're buying an offer that offers something, mail the coupon today.

EVEREADY CARRYING CASE with Your Name in Gold letters

SPECIAL at only \$1.50

Heavy simulated leather with shoulder strap. Print plainly on coupon name you want in gold letters. Sold only with camera purchase.

MARTINS-DAVID CO., Dept. C52 J
179 North Michigan, Chicago 1, Ill.



For production reasons this well known manufacturer has changed designs . . . that is why this amazing nationally advertised camera with flash attachment for inside and night picture taking is yours for but a fraction of the intended price! It's a once in a lifetime offer . . . and we invite you to take two inside pictures and fourteen outside pictures at our risk. Picture size $1\frac{1}{2} \times 1\frac{1}{2}$. Mail coupon today!

**Complete with
2 Super Flash Bulbs \$5.95
and Roll High Speed Film**

TAX PAID

This amazing Minicam camera uses standard No. 127 film you get at any drug store, but the first roll of high speed panchromatic film is our gift . . . for your testing convenience. The camera is built of indestructible stainless aluminum. Has 50 mm. universal focus with precision ground and polished fluorite coated lens; no guessing. Just aim through the optical type eye level view finder and press the button. Take indoor or outdoor, day or night pictures. You'll get pictures impossible to take with ordinary outdoor cameras. Camera takes color pictures just as easy. But let home trial offer convince you. Mail coupon today.



SEND NO MONEY: Mail Coupon Today

HOME TRIAL OFFER

Send Minicam Camera, Flash Attachment, 2 flash bulbs and 16 picture roll film. I'll deposit \$3.95 plus C.O.D. postage on arrival in guarantee I can return camera in 10 days and you will refund purchase price plus film developing costs. I can keep pictures for my trouble, then \$3.95 will be held and we pay postage.

Fine \$1.50 extra send imitation leather shoulder strap carrying case imprinted with the name in gold letters
(No refunds on case)

MARTINS-DAVID CO., Dept. C52 J
179 North Michigan, Chicago 1, Ill.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

NAME _____

SPARKY WATTS

Boo-
Boo-
Boo-
Boo-

South Bend, Ind.

Dear Sparky;
My two children and I follow
your adventures every month in
Big Shot Comics, and we feel that
you are a very close friend, so
your problem touches us very

I was engaged to a boy who
was injured in World War I.
The doctors said he would be
a wheelchair invalid for life,
but I married him just the
same. I'm sure my love and
care helped him get well. He
walks now with only a slight
limp and is a wonderful
husband and father. Marry
Dotty and help her get well.
Please don't run in my name.
Mrs.

69

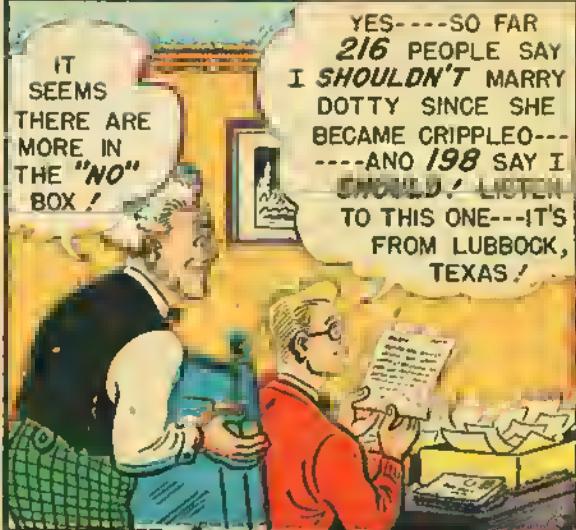
WHAT'S THAT,
SPARKY---SOME
MORE MAIL
ABOUT YOU
AND DOTTY
OASH?

YES, OOG---I GOT
LOTS OF LETTERS
AGAIN TODAY---I'M
SEPARATING THEM
IN TWO GROUPS!



IT
SEEMS
THERE ARE
MORE IN
THE "NO"
BOX!

YES---SO FAR
216 PEOPLE SAY
I SHOULDN'T MARRY
DOTTY SINCE SHE
BECAME CRIPPLED---
---AND 198 SAY I
SHOULD! LISTEN
TO THIS ONE---IT'S
FROM LUBBOCK,
TEXAS!



BIG SHOT

"DEAR SPARKY---BOY! ARE YOU IN A PICKLE!! I KNEW A GIRL WHO WAS HURT IN A BASKETBALL GAME AND HER BOY FRIEND MARRIED HER EVEN THOUGH ALL HIS FRIENDS ADVISED HIM AGAINST IT! THE GIRL GOT WELL OKAY---BUT STILL PRETENDS HER BACK HURTS AND WON'T LIFT HER LITTLE PINKY TO EVEN WASH HER OWN DIRTY DISHES -----"

The boy works ten hours a day earning her a living, plus waiting on her and doing all the housework and he's becoming a WRECK himself while she lies around reading books, listening to the radio, and eating chocolates! So my advice is Never marry an invalid unless there's no possible way to avoid it!

Sincerely yours,
Lloyd Barnett.

THAT'S AN EXTREME CASE, SPARKY---BUT MR. BARNETT IS RIGHT! PLEASE DON'T MARRY DOTTY UNLESS SHE FIRST GETS WELL!

LISTEN TO THIS LETTER, DOC!

"DEAR SPARKY-- PLEASE MARRY DOTTY! A LITTLE THING LIKE A BROKEN BACK SHOULDN'T KEEP TWO PEOPLE APART WHO REALLY LOVE EACH OTHER. I'M SURE MY HUSBAND FELL ON HIS HEAD WHEN HE WAS A BABY BECAUSE HE DOESN'T HAVE ENOUGH SENSE TO HOLD A JOB A WEEK. I DO SEWING AND TAKE IN WASHING, AND MY DARLING HUSBAND DELIVERS THE PACKAGES FOR ME---WHEN HIS HEAD ISN'T ACHING---WHICH IS MOST OF THE TIME. I WANT YOU TO MARRY DOTTY SO THERE WILL BE SOMEBODY ELSE WHO IS AS MISERABLE AS I AM!

YOURS TRULY,
TIRED TILLY."

THAT SOUNDS LIKE A GAG---BUT IT MAKES SENSE! YOU WOULD BE MISERABLE TO THE LAST DAY OF YOUR LIFE!!

NO, DOC---I WOULD FEEL THAT I HAD DONE THE HONORABLE THING BY MARRYING DOTTY--AND PERHAPS MY LOVE AND TENDER CARE WOULD HELP HER GET WELL!

HERE'S ONE THAT'S ON MY SIDE---
"DEAR SPARKY, MARRY DOTTY! SHE'LL MAKE YOU A WONDERFUL WIFE! IF YOU DON'T WANT HER, SEND FOR ME AT ONCE! I'LL MARRY HER---
---AND HOW!! WOW!!!
BOB STUTEVoss,
SACRAMENTO, CALIF."

NO

YES

DA!

SLAP PUPPY

BIG SHOT

WHILE YOU'RE TABULATING YOUR MAIL, SPARKY, I'LL SEE HOW DOTTY IS FEELING.

HERE'S A LETTER FROM MAX VANSIBBER OF WATERFORD, CONN. HE SAYS----"LOVE IS THE BEST MEDICINE KNOWN TO SCIENCE! BEFORE I GOT MARRIED I WAS SO NERVOUS I COULDN'T TIE MY NECKTIE---NOW I DON'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE BECAUSE I DON'T OWN A TIE! WHOEVER SAID TWO CAN LIVE AS CHEAPLY AS ONE SHOULD HAVE HIS BIG FAT HEAD EXAMINED!" HMM---I GUESS THIS GOES IN THE **NO** BOX!!

GOOD MORNING, MR. DASH---YOU SHOULD GET SOME REST---YOU'VE BEEN SITTING UP WITH DOTTY ALL NIGHT!

DAD'S A GOOD NURSE---BUT HE WON'T HAVE TO BE MUCH LONGER---I FEEL LIKE I'M WELL NOW!

DOTTY, YOU'RE STRONG ENOUGH TO KNOW THE TRUTH----THE REASON YOU DON'T FEEL ANY PAIN IS BECAUSE YOU'RE PARALYZED FROM YOUR SHOULDERS DOWN?

PARALYZED? WHY, DOCTOR, I'M NOT PARALYZED! I CAN MOVE MY ARMS---SEE!!

YES, YOUR ARMS--BUT NOT YOUR BODY OR FEET! I'M AFRAID YOU'LL HAVE TO REMAIN IN BED---ER---A LONG TIME!

HOW LONG, DOCTOR---A WEEK---TWO WEEKS---A MONTH MAYBE?

I CAN'T LIE TO YOU, DOTTY! UNLESS SOME MIRACLE HAPPENS YOU'LL BE IN BED ALL YOUR LIFE---YOUR BACK IS BROKEN!

BUT---BUT I'VE HEARD OF PEOPLE WITH BROKEN BACKS GETTING WELL! CAN'T YOU OPERATE ON ME AND---

YES---WE CAN OPERATE---BUT YOUR CONDITION IS VERY SERIOUS!

THE DOCTOR SAYS THERE WOULD BE ONLY ONE CHANCE IN A THOUSAND OF YOUR PULLING THROUGH---AND EVEN IF YOU LIVED YOU MIGHT NOT BE CURED!!

BIG SHOT

THEN WE'VE GOT TO TAKE THAT ONE CHANGE! I WANT TO GET WELL SO I CAN MARRY SPARKY!

I FORBID IT! I'M NOT GOING TO HAVE SOME STRANGER RISKING MY DAUGHTER'S LIFE!

BUT DOCTOR STATIC ISN'T A STRANGER---AND HE KNOWS MY CONDITION BETTER THAN ANYONE ELSE. HE CAN OPERATE ON ME!

, BUT--BUT--I HAVEN'T PERFORMED AN OPERATION IN YEARS--I DON'T EVEN TRUST MYSELF TO CUT MY OWN TOENAILS!! I'M OLD--AND NERVOUS--ANO---

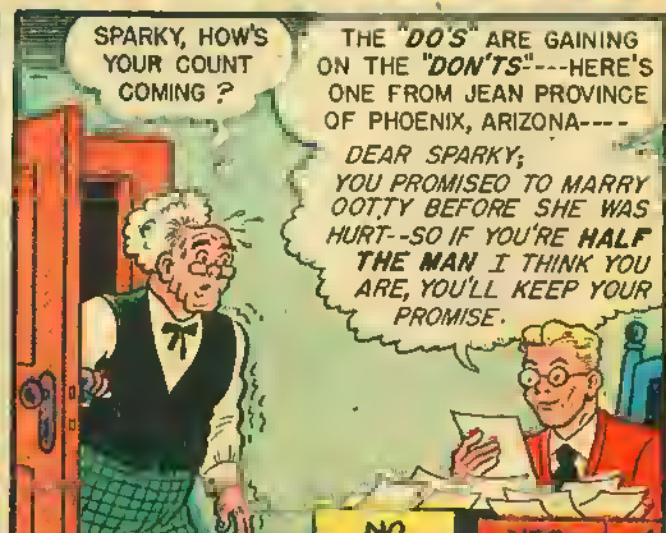
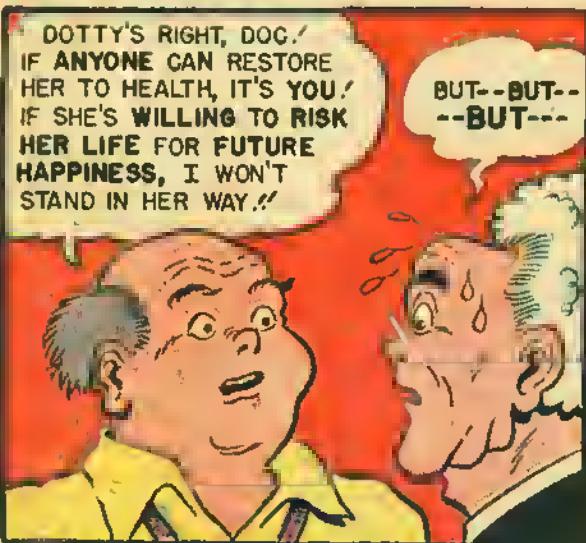


DOTTY'S RIGHT, DOC! IF ANYONE CAN RESTORE HER TO HEALTH, IT'S YOU! IF SHE'S WILLING TO RISK HER LIFE FOR FUTURE HAPPINESS, I WON'T STAND IN HER WAY!!

BUT--BUT--
--BUT--

NO "BUTS" ABOUT IT! WE BEG YOU TO DO IT, AND YOU CAN'T REFUSE TO HELP YOUR FRIENDS---DOTTY AND I BOTH TRUST YOU---ONLY YOU!!

DON'T WORRY, DOC--I WON'T DIE---I WANT TO LIVE---I WILL LIVE---
---SO I CAN MAKE SPARKY A GOOD WIFE!



NO

YES

BIG SHOT

HEY!!
YOU AREN'T
LISTENING
WHAT ARE
YOU DOING?

I'M GOING
TO REFRESH
MY MEMORY
ON SPINAL
OPERATIONS.

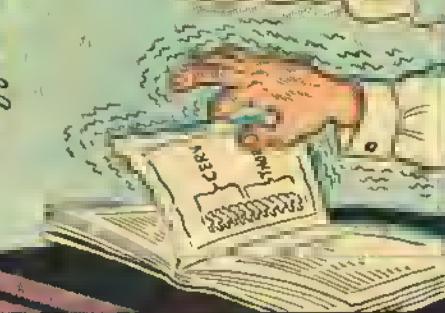
SPINAL---?---SAY!!
YOU AREN'T THINKING
ABOUT OPERATING
ON DOTTY ??

WELL---
---ER---SHE
AND HER
FATHER
WANT ME
TO--



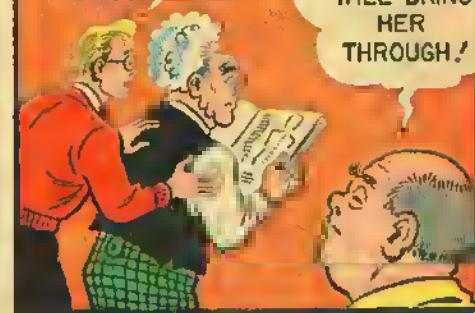
YOU HAVEN'T DONE
SURGICAL WORK IN YEARS!
YOU MIGHT BE TOO SLOW---
AND LOOK AT YOUR
HAND---IT----IT'S
SHAKING LIKE
A LEAF!!

YES, KNOWING
THAT THE SKILL
OF MY OLD HANDS
WILL MEAN LIFE
OR DEATH FOR
DOTTY SCARES
ME STIFF!!



DOG, YOU CAN'T
DO THIS! IF
DOTTY INSISTS ON
AN OPERATION
LET'S CALL
IN SOME
PRACTITIONERS!

NO, SPARKY,
DOTTY
TRUSTS DOC
AND HER
CONFIDENCE
PLUS DOC'S
TENDERNESS
WILL BRING
HER THROUGH!



HERE'S JOYCE, DOTTY'S
SISTER---- SPARKY, YOU
AND JOYCE PREPARE
MY OPERATING TABLE
WHILE I DO SOME FAST
READING!

OKAY---BUT I
DON'T LIKE ANY
PART OF THIS!
I HAVE A
DREADFUL
FEELING ABOUT
DOTTY'S
SAFETY!!



JOYCE---I KNOW
DOC WILL DO HIS
DEAD LEVEL BEST---
---BUT SOMETHING
TELLS ME THAT
DOTTY WILL NEVER
LIVE THROUGH
THE OPERATION!

OF COURSE
SHE WILL, SPARKY
----YOU MUSTN'T
THINK OF SUCH
THINGS!



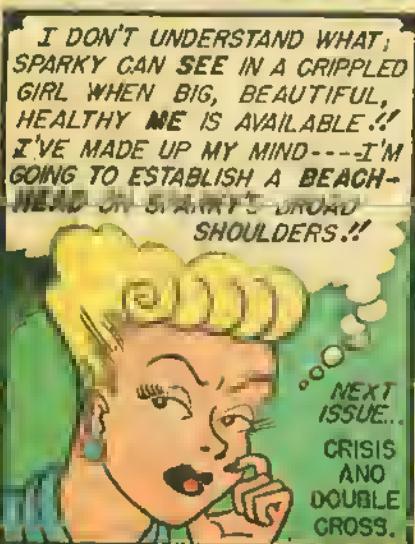
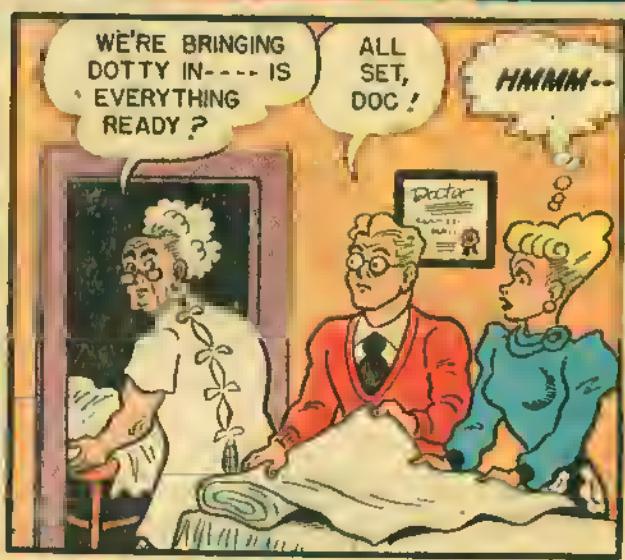
BIG SHOT

I CAN'T HELP IT!
I SHOULD MARRY HER
BEFORE THE OPERATION--
---MAYBE IT WOULD GIVE
HER THAT LITTLE EXTRA
COURAGE SHE'LL
NEED!

NO, NO, DEAR
BOY----I DON'T
THINK YOU SHOULD
EVEN MENTION
MARRIAGE TO HER
---SHE'S VERY
EXCITABLE!

SHE IS!?
I NEVER
NOTICED
THAT SHE WAS
EXCITABLE!

HEAVENS YES!
AND SHE SOMETIMES
FLIES INTO AN
UNCONTROLLABLE
RAGE! SHE'S JUST
THE OPPOSITE OF
ME---I NEVER
GET ANGRY!



WE HAVEN'T ROOM TO PRINT ALL THE LETTERS SPARKY HAS RECEIVED----BUT OUR WARMEST THANKS FOR THE NICE LETTERS FROM FANS LISTED BELOW----

HOW YOU VOTED

SPARKY SHOULD MARRY-

JIM DOBBS.....ST. LOUIS, MO.
RIODY OODGE.....GARY, IND.
SUE PLACE.....WICHITA, KAN.
BOB BROWN.....DALLAS, TEX.
RAY CURTIS.....B'KLYN, N.Y.
S. STANISLAUS....."
JOE McCRAW.....CHILDRESS, TEX.
WM. MARCOWSKI.....PHILLY.
EVA STONE.....WESTBURY, N.Y.
JOY TOBIN.....CASPER, WYO.
S. DE BEAU.....NEW ORLEANS

SPARKY SHOULD NOT MARRY-

AL CARRENO.....SANTA FE, N.M.
NEO MALONE.....KANSAS CITY
KATE DALLS.....EUGENE, ORE.
FRANCIS FORO.....DENVER, COLO.
ALICE SHAW.....PUEBLO, COLO.
L.M. BLACK.....SAN ANTONIO
R. ROSENFIELD.....ROSLYN, N.Y.

P.S. ANOTHER BATCH OF LETTERS HAS JUST ARRIVED. THE VOTE NOW STANDS AT 533 FOR---619 AGAINST.

BIG SHOT

Dixie Dugan

BY
MCVEY AND STRIEBEL

JOE — IN A WAY IT'S A
SHAME TO KEEP ANIMALS
PENNED UP LIKE
THIS

OH IT IS,
IS IT P

IF OSCAR HERE COULD TALK
HE'D PROBABLY TELL YOU
HOW ALL THE ANIMALS
FEEL —

I FORGOT TO CLOSE
THE DOOR ONE DAY —

BOY, O, BOY, WO'TA
BREAK



BACK TO THE FOREST HE RAN —

FREE FREE FREE
WHEEE



IT FINALLY CAME TIME
FOR DINNER —

HM — LET'S SEE — I GOTTA
FIND SOME GRUB



AND DINNER TIME PASSED —

I KINDA MISS OLE JOE (SIGH



THEN — A HUNTER.



A TRAP —

OUCH

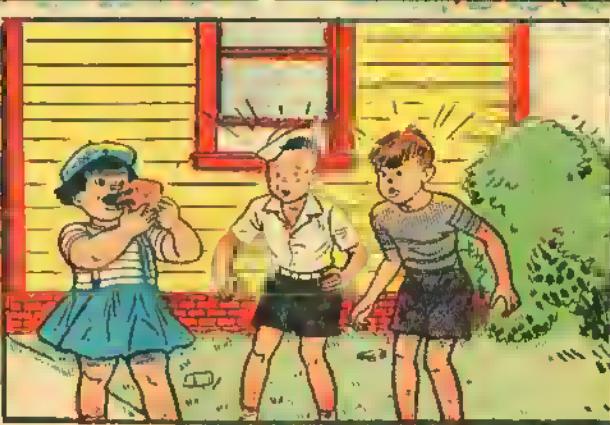
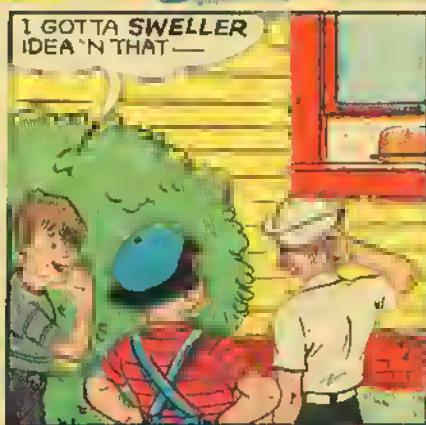
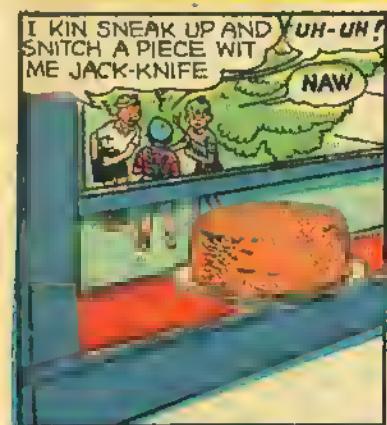
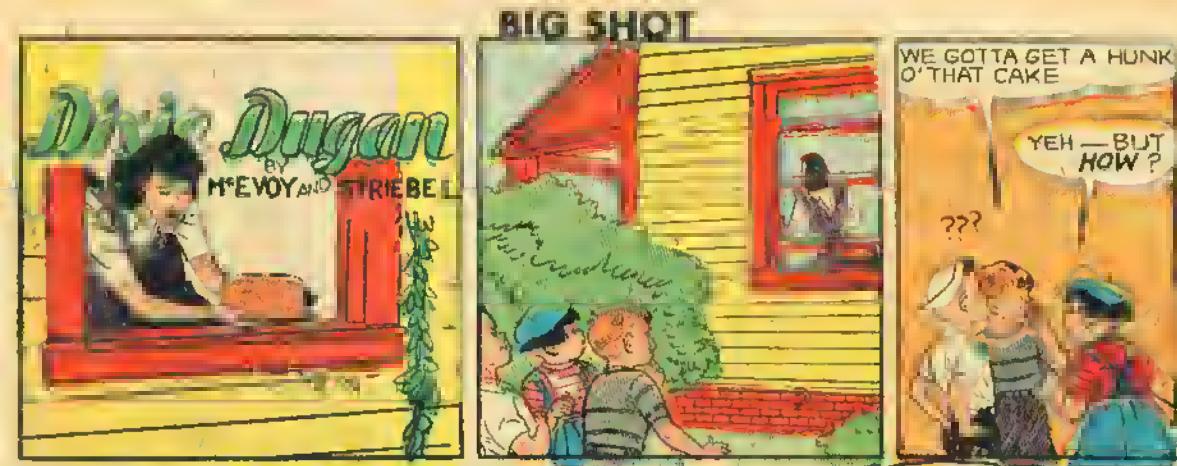


GOLLY — THEY ARE LUCKY
— NO HUNTERS — TAXES
— NOTHING TO WORRY
ABOUT!

HOPE — THE
JUST LIVE



BIG SHOT



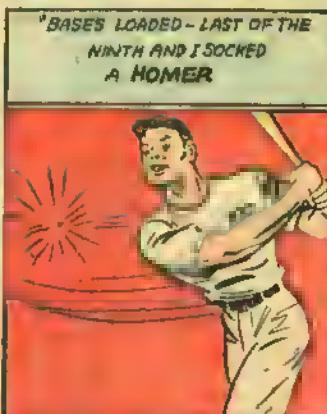
BIG SHOT

Dixie Dancer
BY EVOY AND RIEBEL



BIG SHOT

Dixie Dugan



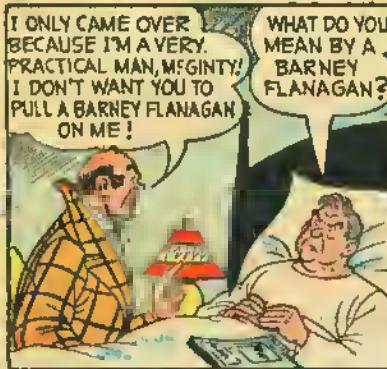
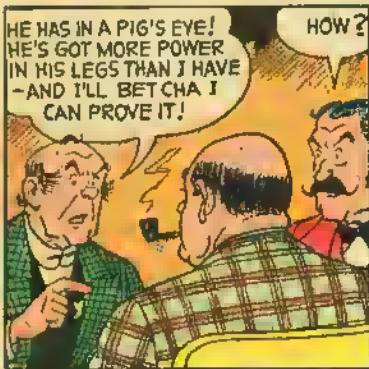
MICKEY FINN

By Lank Leonard



MICKEY FINN

By Lank Leonard



MICKEY FINN

By Lank Leonard

LATE LAST WINTER

I UNDERSTAND THAT PHIL HAS QUIT GOING TO THE GYM AT HIS LODGE, MICKEY?

YES, SERGEANT-HE DECIDED IT WAS TOO STRENUIOS - HE'S GOING TO REDUCE THE EASY WAY!

YOU MEAN HE'S REALLY GOING TO START EATING LESS FOOD?

OH, NO-NOT THAT! HE'S GOING TO A MASSEUR! SOMEBODY TOLD HIM THAT A GOOD ONE COULD RUB OFF A COUPLE OF POUNDS A DAY!

HA! THAT'S RICH! ALL THE MASSEURS IN THE COUNTRY COULDN'T RUB OFF HIS CORPORATION - NOT IN TWENTY YEARS!

THAT'S WHAT I TOLD HIM! BUT HE WENT OUT TO LOOK FOR ONE JUST THE SAME!

OUR FEE IS \$25.00 A TREATMENT - OR \$200.00 FOR A SERIES OF TEN!

GOOD DAY!

HOME
MESSAGE
ON
FLEXI
IN
MESSAGE

THEY WANT \$25.00 A TREATMENT, EH? I'LL BET "ROUND HEEL" ROONEY WOULD DO IT FOR A COUPLE OF BUCKS!

"ROUND HEEL" ROONEY? THE OLD HEAVYWEIGHT FIGHTER?

YEAH! HE'S OPENED A LITTLE GYM OVER ON JAY STREET-RIGHT NEXT TO DUGAN'S DINER!

LISTEN, PHIL-TAKE MY ADVICE AND KEEP AWAY FROM ROONEY! HE'S PUNCH DRUNK!

HE MAY BE A LITTLE PUNCHY, CLANCY, BUT HE'S A GREAT RUBBER! LOTS OF BOXERS AND JOCKEYS GO TO HIM WHEN THEY HAVE TROUBLE MAKIN' WEIGHT!

THANKS FOR THE SUGGESTION, MONAHAN-I'LL GO OVER AND SEE HIM RIGHT NOW!

AND YOU GUARANTEE THAT YOU CAN RUB THIS CORPORATION OFF?

POZALDOOTELY! SLIP INTA DESE TRUNKS SO I KIN GIVE YA A COMPLEX DIAGNOSES!

AS ME OLD PERFESSER IN DE REFORM SCHOOL ALBUMINEL MUSSELS HAS TO BE UNLOOSEMED MOST DIFFICULT PROBLEM FOIST! WILL YA EXCUSE WE HAVE YET FACED, US, SHERIFF? WE GOTTA HOLD A LITTLE PRIVATE CONSULTOOSHEN!

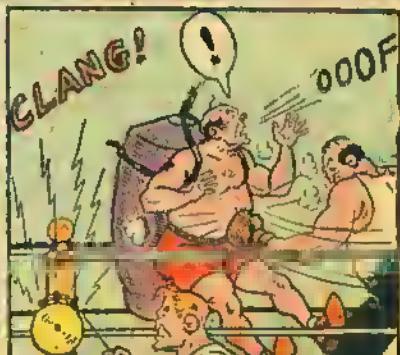
SOITENLY -I MEAN CERTAINLY!

IT'D BE DA QUICKEST WAY TO SOFTEN IT UP, ROONEY-AND AFTER ALL, HE'S ONLY PAYIN' TWO BUCKS!

DAT'S RIGHT - BUT FOIST WE'D BETTER CONWINCE HIM DAT HIS CASE-CALLS FOR PLASTIC MEZZURES...

DO ANYTHING YOU WISH, ROONEY! I'M PLACING MYSELF COMPLETELY IN YOUR HANDS!

CLANG! OOF!



BIG SHOT

OH, HELLO,
MR. CLANCY!
IF YOU WANT
TO TALK TO
UNCLE PHIL,
HE'S NOT HERE!

I KNOW WHERE
HE IS, MICKEY!
THAT'S WHY I'M
CALLING. HE'S
GONE OVER TO
"ROUND HEEL"
ROONEY'S GYM
TO HAVE ROONEY
TALK HIM
OFF HIM —

ROONEY IS PRETTY PUNCHY,
YOU KNOW, AND HE MIGHT DO
MR. CLANCY
PHIL SOME HARM — NOT
INTENTIONALLY, OF COURSE, BUT
YOU NEVER CAN TELL!

GEE, THANKS,
MR. CLANCY
— I'LL GO
RIGHT
OVER!

DID CLANCY SAY
WHAT TIME PHIL
WENT OVER,
MICKEY?

YES — ABOUT AN HOUR
AGO — SO ROONEY
MAY BE WORKING
ON HIM ALREADY!

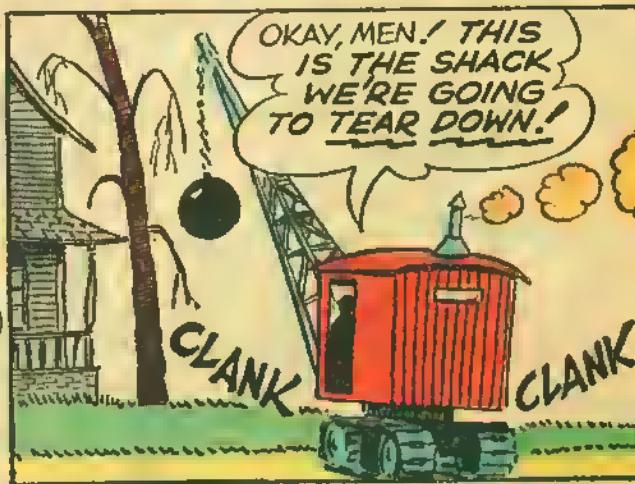
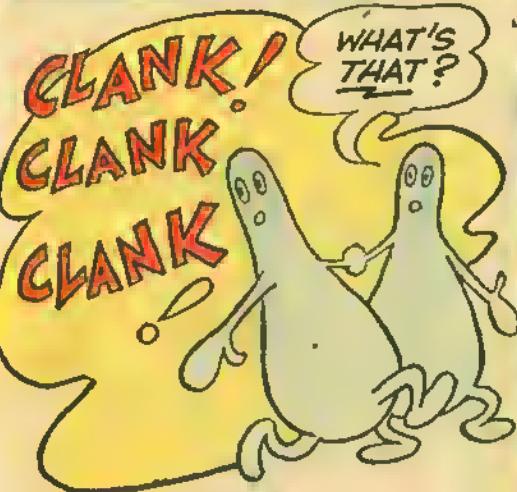
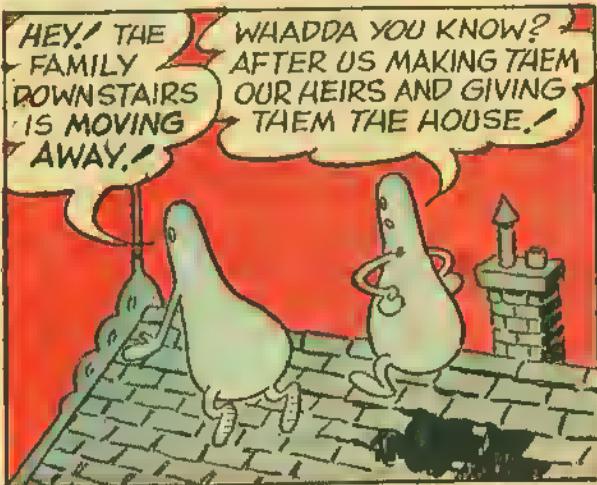


BIG SHOT BRASS KNUCKLES

by MARTY MARION



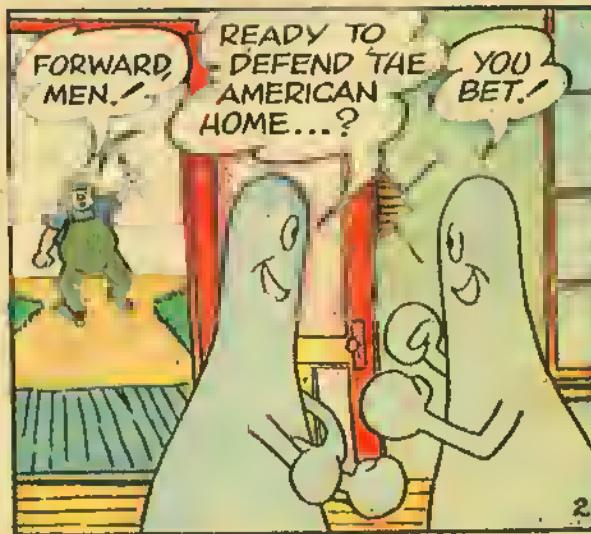
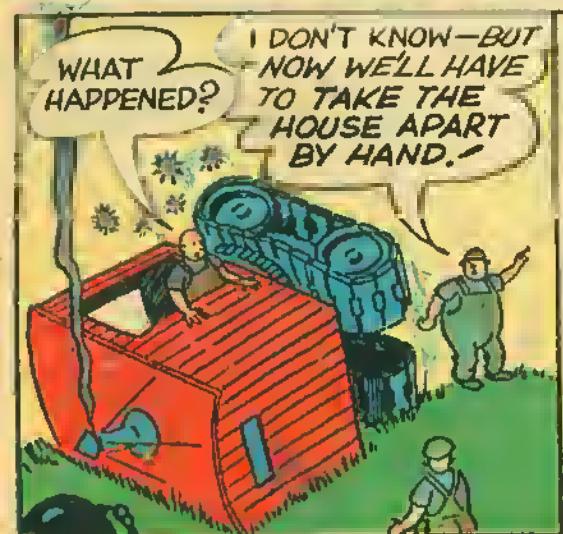
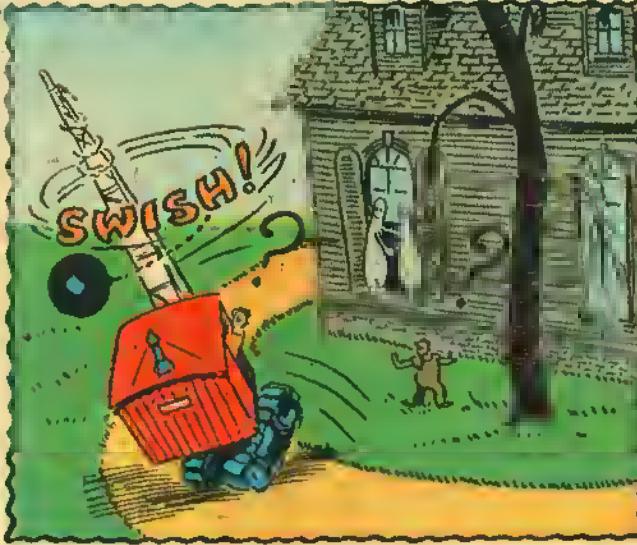
60



CLANK

CLANK

BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT

HEY, BOSS!
I CAN'T EVEN
PRY THIS
FLOOR LOOSE!

IT'S AS IF SOME
INVISIBLE FORCE
WERE TAWARTING
OUR EFFORTS!



WHAT WE NEED
IS MORE MAN-POWER
... SEND FOR
MORE MEN!



IT'S A LOSING
FIGHT, DRACKY!
— TOO MANY
OF THEM!

LET THEM
GO AHEAD
— I HAVE
A PLAN!



I HOPE YOU'RE
GOOD. NOW,
SATISFIED —
WHILE THEY
THEY'VE ALMOST
FINISHED PULLING
DOWN THE
HOUSE!



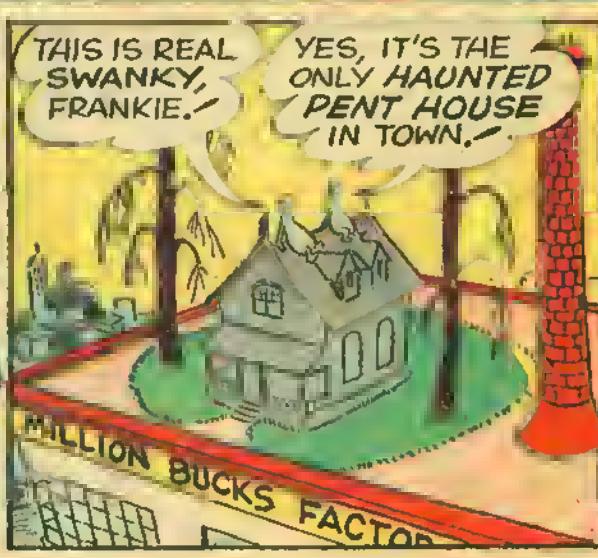
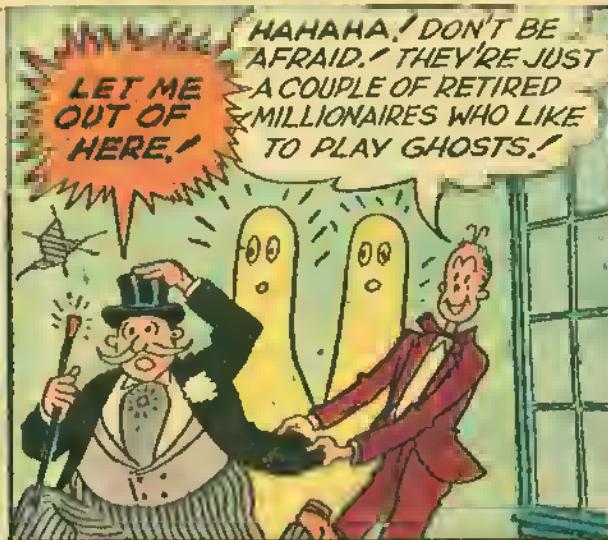
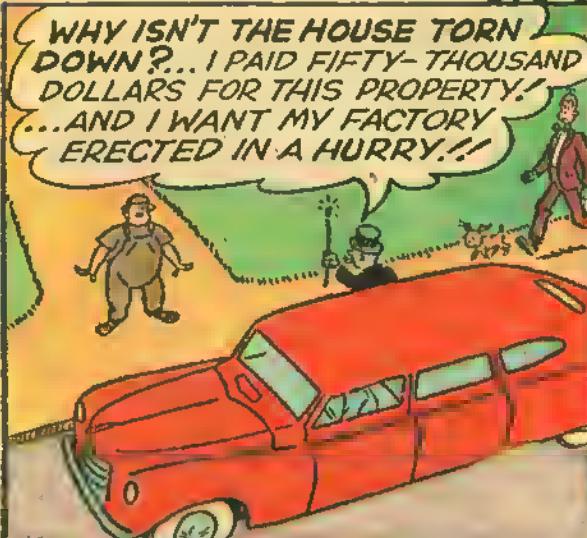
HAHA!!
CATCH ON!!
WHEN THEY COME
BACK, THEY'RE
IN FOR A BIG
SURPRISE!

HOLY SMOKE,
BOSS — LOOK!

THE HOUSE
IS UP
AGAIN!!



BIG SHOT



The Revolution Comes to Jamie Cuthbert

By MART BAILEY

JAMIE CUTHBERT, who had hoped some day to win the Heavyweight Boxing Championship of the British Empire and instead had won the hand of Dorothy Holliday and had contentedly settled down to the life of a Massachusetts farmer, did not hear the horseman at first. He was roused to wakefulness in the dark room by the squalling of his daughter, Dorothy, age three months and eleven days.

Groaning, he pulled together the six-foot-four inches of his huge, muscular frame and bounded out of the big feathered bed. His bare feet caught a splinter from the planked floor, and he hopped about on one foot fumbling for it, when he became aware, above the bawling of the infant, of a man shouting and a horse stamping the turf beneath his bedroom window.

"All right! All right!" he shouted, his voice booming through the house. "Do you want to wake the house?" He opened the small latticed windows wider and leaned over the sill.

"Be careful, dear," cautioned his wife, holding the quietening baby in the shadows. "It may be some ruffian."

The night was dark — it was scarcely after midnight of April 19, 1775 — so he did not immediately recognize the man in the tri-cornered hat who sat upon the impatiently sidling horse.

"General Gage has dispatched a force of 800 men to destroy our military stores at Concord," said the horseman, breathing hard. "They're also on the way to Parson Clarke's house to arrest John Hancock and Samuel Adams."

Jamie recognized him now. He was the dentist who had rigged a bit of ivory on a silver wire to replace Jamie's missing front tooth. A strange man — jack of all trades, metalsmith, engraver, artist, soldier, almost anything you could mention — a hothead named Paul Revere.

"What is that to me?" snapped Jamie.

The horseman had been about to dash away. He wheeled his impatient mount back to the house. "Don't you understand?" he bellowed.

"We need every man able to carry a musket to stop them. Liberty is in the balance tonight!"

Jamie made a derisive sound with his tongue. "It's my sleep is in the balance tonight," he complained. "Go rouse some other hotheads like yourself. I'm going back to bed."

As he started to pull in his head from the window, the front door downstairs opened and a giant of a man stepped out. It was his friend, Paddy Doyle, the Dublin Terror, who had been a second father to him and had taught him all he knew about boxing.

"Thank Heavens there's one man in the house!" spat Paul Revere, and roweled his horse's flanks with his spurs. The animal reared on its hind legs, and was off across the countryside as if pursued by seven demons.

Paddy Doyle looked up at the window. The night masked the grin on his fist-mashed face, but he waved the long musket invitingly. "Come on, Jamie-boy, or you'll miss the sport!"

"You ought to be ashamed," Jamie told him. "Are you going to fight our friends in England, too?"

"It's not our friends I fight," said Paddy Doyle, his voice husky in the darkness. "It's tyranny. Aye, and if there's trouble tonight, 'tis many a true Englishman will be standing shoulder to shoulder with me on the firing line. Hurry, Jamie-lad!"

"Hurry yourself," blurted Jamie Cuthbert. "You'll be in fit company among addle-pated idiots!"

He shut the latticed windows with a bang that set the baby crying again. For a few moments he stood there in his nightshirt, watching Paddy Doyle race across the fields. Beyond the rail fence, the old pugilist was joined by other running shadows. They would be farmers and farmhands from the neighborhood. Minute Men, they called themselves.

"Fools and madmen," Jamie Cuthbert muttered, climbing back into bed.

BIG SHOT

IF HE HAD EXPECTED to drop right off to sleep again, Jamie was mistaken. Dorothy had quieted the baby, and all was silent in the night around the farm and the surrounding woods. But he couldn't get to sleep. He stared up at the attic rafters, just barely discernible in the darkness. Already he regretted the sharp words flung at his old friend.

The long friendship between him and Paddy Doyle, the battered old pugilist, was too precious, too heart-warming, too necessary to his contentment, to be thrown away in a hot temper. Yet he put the blame on Paddy for being such a fool, and cuddled his own hurt feelings under a blanket of self-righteousness.

Tonight's swiftly moving events had not been unexpected. For months they had been discussed and planned, and not in whispers. Everyone knew what was coming; or, rather, thought they knew what was coming. Few even remotely suspected that their actions would finally create a new nation out of thirteen niggling colonies. Paddy and Jamie had talked the matter practically to death, with themselves and their neighbors. At first, like Jamie, Paddy was indifferent, inclined to scoff good-humoredly. He had no doubt about any demonstration of feeling being quickly put down by the militia. But the firebrands' wild talk kindled his Irish heart until it flamed. Jamie, on the other hand, remained coldly unable to see any sense in the growing anger. He had done with fighting; he had never fought, anyway, except with his fists in the prize-ring; he was a peaceful farmer now, desiring only prosperity for his crops and his herds and his family. Paddy forgave him. He realized, that the young Scot did not know, as he did at first hand, that tyranny could destroy all those things and turn a man into a hunted animal simply because he wanted to go to his own church on Sundays.

As he lay on the enormous four-poster bed, his brain fuming with annoying thoughts, the drum of horses' hooves again pounded across his fields. On his front door sounded heavy raps, as of a rifle butt hammered against the panels.

"Open up!" demanded a voice accustomed to being opened.

The baby started crying again, and Jamie Cuthbert angrily flung himself out of bed and crossed to the window.

"What do you want now?" he shouted down, and then saw that this disturber of his night's rest was not Paul Revere, as he had expected. Even in the hue nocturnal gloom he recognized the lanky, rapier-straight frame of Squire Kingsman, whom he called, with good reason, "the long-legged snake." The Squire was accompanied by two red-coated infantrymen. Evidently they belonged to the small clump of troops whom

Jamie now saw halted and at ease on the other side of the meadow.

"That you, Master Cuthbert?" snapped the Squire, sitting erect upon his prancing mount—a spirited black horse named *Satan*, as undependable and wicked as the Squire himself. "It's lucky you are to be home tonight and not abroad with the rebels."

Disappointment rang in the Squire's voice, and Jamie Cuthbert knew why. The Squire had never forgiven him for marrying Dorothy Holliday. He still looked for ways to bedevil the young Scot. If Jamie had not been at home, as the other militia men could have testified, he would have been arrested on sight and hurried along to the gallows.

"And why am I lucky?" asked Jamie, leaning out the window. "That is, besides being the husband of Dorothy Holliday?" he added, unable to restrain the thrust.

He never knew whether it was the horse or the Squire that snorted in the darkness.

"Because within the hour your rebel friends will be dead," sneered the Squire. "We ride to spring the trap that comes of knowing where they plan to gather their forces."

THE SQUIRE trotted off in the darkness, followed by the two riflemen on foot. Long after the last hoofbeat had died on the cool night air, Jamie Cuthbert remained at the open window. His nostrils filled with the smells of Spring blossoming over the earth. Except for Dorothy lulling the baby, all was quiet. The world seemed at peace. That momentous events were afoot, that soon would be fired "the shot heard 'round the world," seemed incredible.

"Are you going to stand there all night?" asked Dorothy, gently.

Jamie said nothing. He was thinking of Paddy Doyle and the farmers and farmhands with him. Fools and madmen, he had called them. But they were all good men. Good men. His friends. Could they be wrong and an unhang'd rogue like Squire Kingsman be right? It was unthinkable. And they were doomed. Squire Kingsman and his militia were marching to spring the trap.

Jamie turned as Dorothy touched his arm. He made out the dim outline of her sweet face in the darkness.

"You still have time to warn them," she whispered. "By the time you have saddled the horse I'll have your musket and pistols ready."

Jamie Cuthbert kissed his wife. "Paddy and the others are Minute Men," he whispered with a chuckle. "I'm a Half-Hour Man myself!"

THE END

BIG SHOT

BO

BY FRANK BECK

BO AND JUNIOR HAVE AIDED THE POLICE IN CAPTURING TWO GUNPOWDER HOARDERS



AND I HAVE TO DRINK OUT OF GUTTERS. I'VE JUST GOT TO FIGURE OUT A WAY OF GETTING HIM IN BAD.



OH BOY! I'VE JUST THOUGHT OF A SWELL WAY TO GET BO IN BAD WITH ALL THE NEIGHBORS. I'LL TAKE THAT TIN HERO DOWN A PEG.



BIG SHOT

WE SURE KNOW HIS WAY AROUND THESE SIDE STREETS AND BACK ALLEYS.



WE'RE ALMOST THERE, BO.

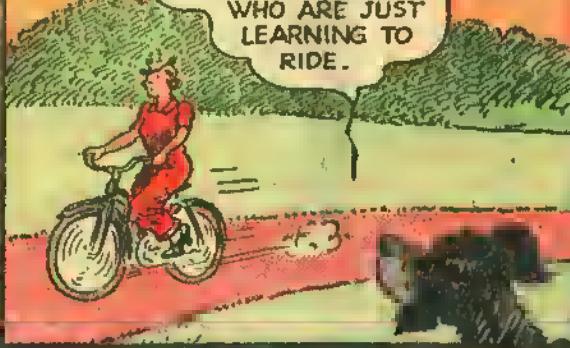
OH BOY, AM I GOING TO GET BO IN BAD!

KEEP OFF!

HERE WE ARE IN THE PARK... NOW WHERE IS THE BIKE PATH?



IT'S MORE FUN IF YOU PICK OUT THE ONES WHO ARE JUST LEARNING TO RIDE.



NOW I'LL CHASE THE NEXT ONE AND YOU WATCH WHAT HAPPENS.



LOOK OUT! GO AWAY OR YOU'LL BE RUN OVER!



THERE SHE GOES INTO THE CURB... NOW IF I CAN GET BO DOING THIS HE'LL SOON LOSE HIS HERO RATING.



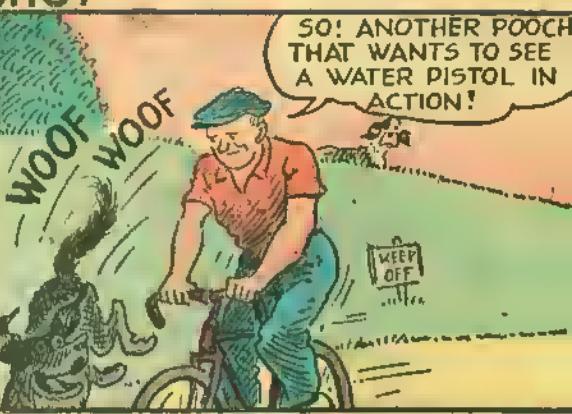
I DIDN'T SEE ANY FUN IN THAT. WHAT'S THE IDEA?

WELL... SHE DIDN'T YELL AND MAKE AS MUCH FUSS AS MOST OF THEM DO.



BIG SHOT

I'LL PICK OUT
ANOTHER ONE AND
TRY IT, AND YOU
WATCH AGAIN.



THERE'S A LITTLE
AMMONIA IN IT
TO MAKE THE
FLAVOR LAST.



OUCH! MY
EYES BURN...
AND I SWALLOWED
SOME OF IT, TOO.
PHOOIE !!

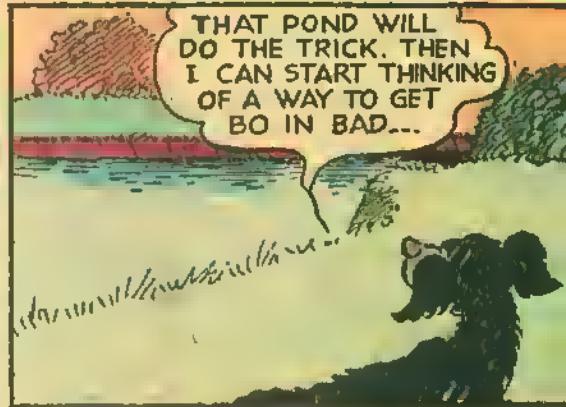
AND YOU
CALL THAT
FUN ... I
STILL DON'T
GET IT,
TRIX.



THAT BICYCLIST MADE
A SAP OUT OF ME IN FRONT
OF BO WITH HIS AMMONIA
PISTOL. I'VE GOT TO
GET THIS STUFF OUT
OF MY EYES AND
STOP CRYING.



THAT POND WILL
DO THE TRICK. THEN
I CAN START THINKING
OF A WAY TO GET
BO IN BAD...



COME ON,
LET'S TAKE
A SWIM
IN THAT
POND, BO!

THEY DON'T
ALLOW DOGS
IN THE PARK
LAKES.



WHO CARES... THERE'S
NOBODY AROUND
BUT THAT TRAMP.



BIG SHOT

OUCH.. MY EYES..
THE WATER IS WASHING
THAT STUFF INTO 'EM.
I'VE GOT TO GET
OUT OF HERE...



HO-HUM-M.. LOOK--
A DOG IN THE POND!
SO THAT'S WHERE
OUR GOLDFISH
HAVE GONE?



GET OUT OF
THERE YOU..
YOU...YOU
GOLDFISH
KILLER...



GOING IN SWIMMING
TO GET RID OF THAT
AMMONIA WASN'T SO
GOOD. IT'S RUNNING
INTO MY EYES! I
CAN'T SEE!



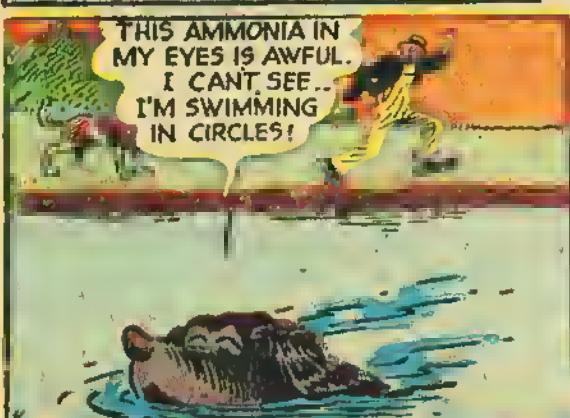
GOSH THAT MAN IS
MAD. TRIX KNEW DOGS
AREN'T ALLOWED IN
PARK PONDS-- I
HOPE HE GETS
AWAY--



TRYING TO GET
AWAY
ON THE
OTHER
SIDE, EH!
I'LL FOOL
HIM...



THIS AMMONIA IN
MY EYES IS AWFUL.
I CAN'T SEE..
I'M SWIMMING
IN CIRCLES!



RUN ME AROUND
THE POND--
I'LL FIX
YOU--

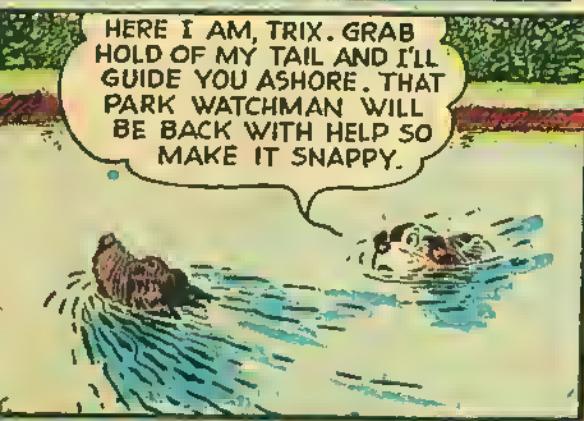


BIG SHOT

TRIX SURE HAS NERVE..
LOOK HOW HE'S TEASING
THAT MAN. I'D BE SO
SCARED I'D GET
RIGHT OUT.



!!O!! NO DOG CAN MAKE A
FOOL OUT OF ME. I'LL GO AND
GET GUS TO
HELP ME.



BIG SHOT

HURRY UP OR THAT DOG WILL GET AWAY...

PUFF...PUFF, I'M HURRYIN' PUFF...PUFF.

I'M AS BLINO AS A BAT FROM THE AMMONIA THAT BICYCLIST SQUIRTED IN MY EYES.

HANG ONTO MY TAIL AND WE'LL LAND UNDER THOSE TREES AND HIDE.

OH, OH! THERE'S THE PARK WATCHMAN. STAY HERE TILL YOUR EYES CLEAR UP. I'LL LURE 'EM AWAY ON A CHASE.

THERE'S NO POOCH IN THAT FISH POND.

LOOK AROUND FOR HIM...

I'M ALL SET TO GO WHEN THEY SPOT ME

HERE HE IS!

FOR A PARK WATCHMAN, HE RUNS PRETTY FAST. WELL, I'LL LEAD HIM UP AND DOWN A COUPLE OF MORE HILLS.

!!★!! DOGS THAT KILL GOLDFISH...

THE AMMONIA IS OUT OF MY EYES.. I'LL BEAT IT WHILE BO HAS THAT WATCHMAN LURED AWAY. BO IS A SAP TO RISK BEING CAUGHT LIKE THAT.

AS USUAL, DO SAVES TRIX

BIG SHOT

TONY TRENT

by MARY BAILEY



ONE NIGHT IN PARIS, TONY TRENT, FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT AND ACE NEWS BROADCASTER, HEARS SOUNDS OF A MURDEROUS SCUFFLE — AND THUS RENEWS HIS ACQUAINTANCE WITH THE MOST WICKED GENIUS IN EUROPE!



AS HE PLUNGES HEADLONG INTO THE DARK ALLEY TO RESCUE THE VICTIM OF THE DEADLY ATTACK, AN EVIL LAUGH CHUCKLES OUT OF THE SHADOWS...



AND A CANE THRUST DEFTLY BETWEEN HIS FLYING LEGS, PITCHES HIM OVER THE COBBLE-STONES...



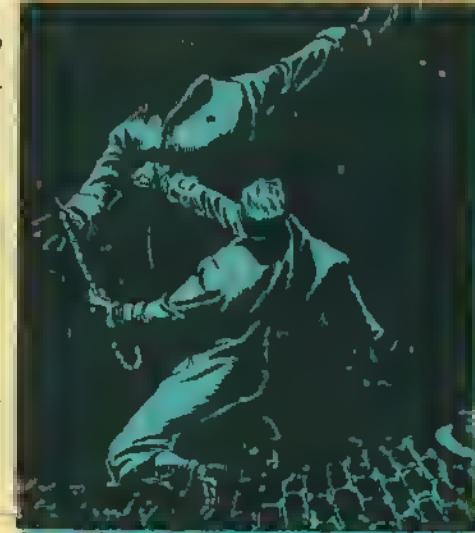
BIG SHOT

YOU WHO
HAVE READ
THE
TONY TRENT
BOOK NO.3
HAVE
ALREADY
MET THIS
SINISTER
MAN....

CAN YOU
GUESS
WHO HE IS
BEFORE
TONY TRENT
DOES?



WHOEVER YOU ARE,
THAT'LL CHILL YOU
OFF WHILE I ATTEND
TO YOUR CHUMS.



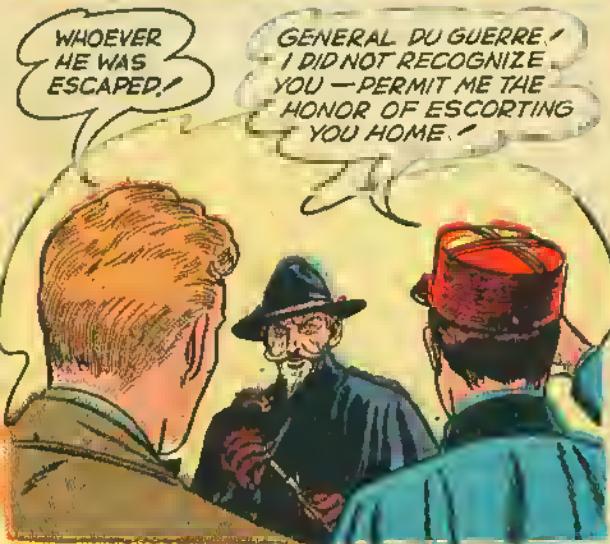
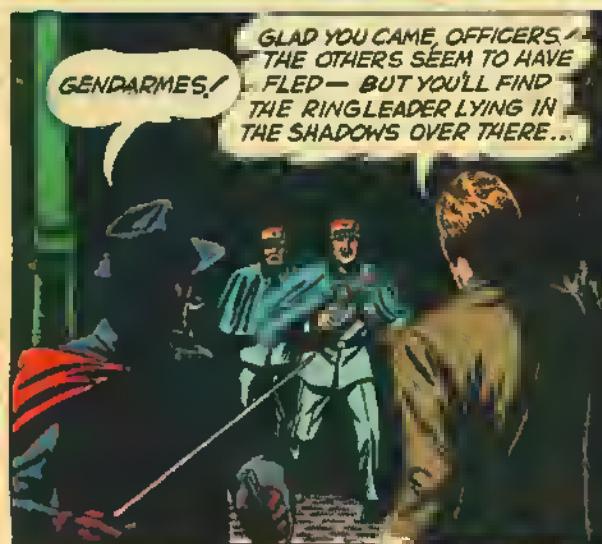
I'M REALLY DOING YOU
A FAVOR—BECAUSE
YOUR VICTIM REALLY
CAN USE HIS CANE!



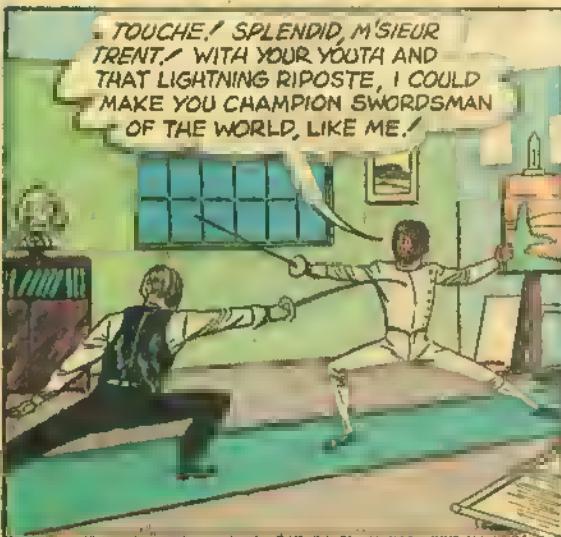
DON'T! I
AM A
FRIEND!

OOPS! A
SWORD-CANE!

BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



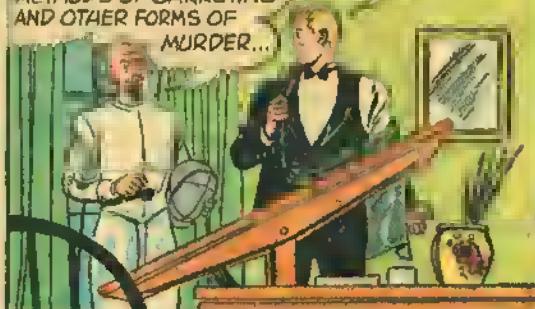
BIG SHOT

IT READS: "TONIGHT I GAVE YOU ANOTHER CHANCE TO DIE, SWORD IN HAND IN THE GLORIOUS TRADITION, AS BEFITS A CHIVALROUS HUMBUG LIKE YOU ... NOW I SHALL END THIS CAT-AND- MOUSE GAME WITH A STOP THRUST!"

I THINK I FINALLY SEE THE HAND OF THE FENCING MASTER OF EUROPE!



MMM... A FOREIGNER KNOWN ONLY BY THAT NOM-DE-GUERRE DID HELP TO EDUCATE THE MAQUIS IN STREET FIGHTING, AS WELL AS IN THE MOST EFFICIENT METHODS OF GARROTING AND OTHER FORMS OF MURDER...



THAT EXPLAINS ALL THE RECENT ATTACKS ON MY LIFE! SINCE I AM FOREMOST IN DEFENDING THE LIBERTY OF FRANCE, I MUST BE HIS FIRST VICTIM!

YOU MIGHT SAY I KNOW ABOUT HIM THROUGH A FRIEND — THE FACE...

...BUT HOW DO YOU KNOW ABOUT HIM?



THE FACE! AH, THERE IS A MAN TO TAKE HIS STAND WITH THE GREAT HEROES OF THE AGES! HOW I WISH I MIGHT GAZE UPON THAT BEAUTIFULLY GROTESQUE COUNTENANCE!



WHAT DO YOU SKETCH AT THE DRAWING-BOARD, M'SIEUR TRENT?

YOU SAID YOU'D LIKE TO SEE THE ONE MAN WHO EVER WAS ABLE TO COPE WITH THE FENCING MASTER OF EUROPE!

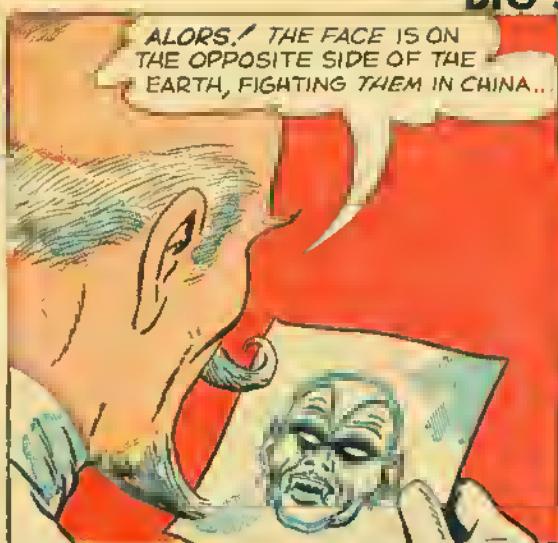


MEET THE FACE!



BIG SHOT

ALORS! THE FACE IS ON
THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE
EARTH, FIGHTING THEM IN CHINA...



THERE IS ONLY ONE MAN
IN FRANCE WHO CAN STOP
THE FENCING MASTER OF
EUROPE...



I - GENERAL DU GUERRE -
CHAMPION SWORDSMAN
OF THE WORLD! -



M'SIEUR! DON'T LET MY
GRANDFATHER LEAVE THE
HOUSE!.. NO TELLING WHAT
HE MAY DO - OR WHAT MAY
HAPPEN TO HIM... HE
IS OUT OF HIS MIND! -

THAT STRANGE
METALLIC
OBJECT ON
THE FLOOR...



M'SIEUR!
WHAT
ARE YOU
DOING?

FORGIVE ME, MADEMOISELLE!
YOUR GRANDFATHER NEGLECTED
TO SAY THE NOTE CAME WRAPPED
IN WHAT ONLY COULD BE A SMALL
B - PRIMED TO EXPLODE
AT ANY MOMENT! -



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1

2

3

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